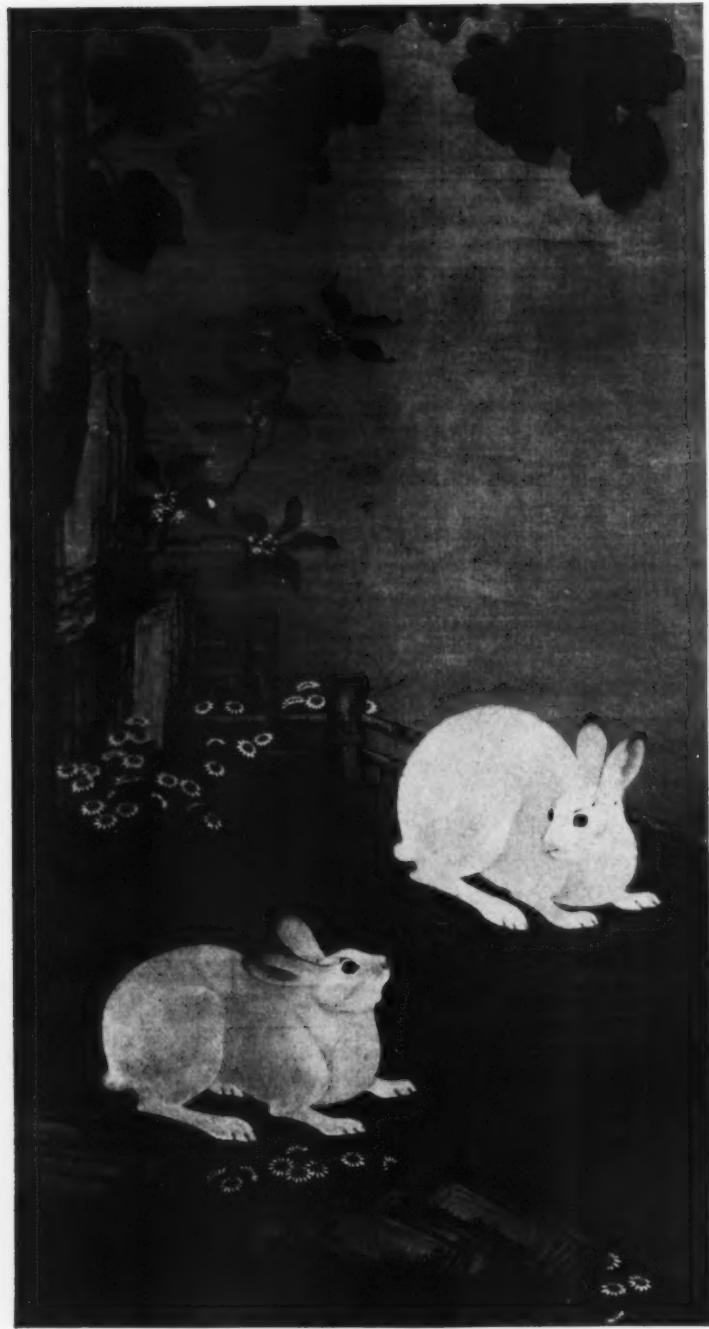


American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
October 1934 **NEWS** "I Serve"





EAST RISING MOON

Painted by Men Mei, late in the eighteenth century, this picture now hangs in the Palace Museum in the Forbidden City, Peiping, China. See page 33.

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The October News in the School

The Classroom Index

MATERIAL in the October News will be useful in the following classes:

Art:

"Raccoon in Cornfield," "East Rising Moon," "The Little People" will be enjoyed by classes or clubs interested in puppet shows. Practical references on making and operating marionettes include *The Tony Sarg Marionette Book*, by F. McIsaac; *Tony Sarg's Own Book for Children*; *Show Book of Remo Bufano*; *Marionettes, Easy to Make! Fun to Use!* by Edith Flack Ackley; and *Directing Language Power in the Elementary School Child*, by Caroline H. Trommer and Teresa A. Regan.

"School Days and Saturdays" contains an idea either for the camera club or sketchers.

Citizenship:

"Juniors the World Over," "American Juniors at Work"

Geography:

China—"East Rising Moon," "Moon Festival"
England—"Toys of Long Ago"

France—"Anything Can Happen on the River"

India—"Totaram"

Italy—"The Little People," "Christopher Columbus"

Japan—"The Story of Nakahama," "A Message," "In the Japanese Manner," "The PROGRAM Story"

United States—"New Mexico Writes to Ohio," "Wisconsin's Beginnings"

Other Countries—"Juniors the World Over"

English:

"Something to Read"

Nature:

"Raccoon in Cornfield," "The Spider in a Matchbox," "In the Japanese Manner"

Primary Grades:

"Sniddy Snail" (in primer print)—Perhaps the dirty dig about putting on wraps can be passed over lightly and tactfully. The pictures, "Raccoon in Cornfield," "East Rising Moon," and "School Days and Saturdays," are interesting for young members. "The Little People" and "Toys of Long Ago" will be enjoyed if read aloud by the teacher or older pupil.

Reading:

The first question or topic is for comprehension and the second for conversation or action.

1. What is the animal in the cornfield? 2. Make up an original story about him.

1. How did the storm help Luigi and Beata? 2. Why should these Italian children be interested in Columbus?

1. Why did Toichiro Nakahama give a Samurai sword to

the Fair Haven Library? 2. What opportunities do you have to show friendship to young people of other countries?

1. Why was the exhibition in Chesterfield House called "Children Throughout the Ages"? 2. Hold an exhibition of toys your parents or grandparents played with.

1. Why is the picture of the rabbits named "East Rising Moon"? 2. What make-believe stories have you heard about the moon?

1. What are some advantages in being a snail? 2. Learn Sniddy's song.

1. What is the purpose of the Fifteenth International Red Cross Conference in Tokyo? 2. How are you helping to build friendship with Japan?

1. What important use have scientists found for spider silk? 2. As an experiment, try harvesting spider silk.

1. What was Jacques Poiret's most exciting adventure? How did Totaram travel on his pilgrimage to a secret mountain? 2. Give in one minute's time one exciting sample from some book you have read recently.

1. Why is the chrysanthemum important in Japan? 2. What would you choose as a state flower, and what as a United States national flower?

1. What are some of the things the baby in the October PROGRAM picture can see from his rumble seat? 2. Draw a picture of one of them.

1. Tell the story of a schoolboy's day, as shown in the pictures from Tulsa. 2. Select a series of distinctive scenes from your own school day and write a paragraph description of each, illustrated with a sketch, for a school correspondence album.

1. What was the route of the Santa Fé Trail? 2. Select for a school correspondence letter the most interesting happening in the history of your own state.

1. What was the occasion for the tercentenary celebration in Wisconsin last summer? 2. For school correspondence, write about the earliest explorations in your own state.

1. From how many different countries are Junior Red Cross activities reported this month? From how many states? 2. What do you consider the most useful service?

1. Why was the picture of Columbus given to Genoa by Venice? 2. What examples of Italian mosaic have you seen?

Useful Junior Red Cross Materials

You may obtain from National or Branch Headquarters, free on request, a variety of materials that are useful in connection with Junior Red Cross work:

"The Story of the Red Cross," ARC 626, a leaflet reprinted from articles by Ellen McBryde Brown, in the Junior Red Cross magazines, tells interestingly the story of the origin and growth of the international Red Cross.

"Library Uses for Junior Red Cross Materials," by Matilda M. Speik, a reprint from the TEACHER'S GUIDE, gives the practical experience of a library teacher in using the Junior Red Cross magazines and PROGRAM.

"The Song of Service," "The Junior Red Cross World Song," and "The Red Cross Spirit Speaks" are for use in assemblies and Junior Red Cross Council meetings.

A check list of plays on world friendship and health is useful in ordering for entertainments for special days. The plays also are free to enrolled schools.

An annotated bibliography of books that have helpful sections on Junior Red Cross includes books on teaching, composition and civic texts, and collections of plays.

Developing Program Activities for October

A New Name

LAST month we forgot that our name, or one of them, had been changed. Instead of a Junior Red Cross Calendar we now have A PROGRAM OF SERVICE THROUGH ACTIVITIES. As each new month is folded up, a Dennison's gummed reinforcement over the hole by which the PROGRAM is hung will keep the page from tearing, even after children's inquisitive fingers have fiddled off the "I Serve" tabs.

A Classroom Index of Activities

This index does not repeat the exact phrasing of the PROGRAM page. It is important to read all the text for the month's PROGRAM OF SERVICE.

Art:

Covers for Brailled stories, preparation of story-books and pictures for rural schools, Hallowe'en favors for a children's home

Auditorium:

Entertainments for local institutions, Red Cross Roll Call assemblies

Citizenship:

Study of causes of accidents, precautions for roller-skating and bicycling

Composition:

Letters for school correspondence albums, letters to parents about Roll Call

Geography:

An exhibit, with a map, of Christmas boxes; letters for school correspondence

Mathematics:

Junior Red Cross Service Fund

Primary Grades:

Hallowe'en favors, collections of outgrown storybooks for rural schools

Art Covers for Brailled Stories

The Brailled short stories to be sent to schools for the blind this year are at National and Branch Headquarters offices. Assignments will be made to Juniors who want to make covers for them in the order that requests are received. The following advance information may be useful:

Cost: There is no charge for the stories. The school or Chapter furnishes the materials for the covers, and pays mail or express charges to the school for the blind.

Size: The stories are approximately 10x5½ inches.

Materials used for covers vary. A heavy art paper, or "cover stock for pamphlets," can be obtained quite reasonably in attractive colors. If the art class wishes to make heavier, hinged covers, the thin cardboard from shoe boxes, laundry parcels, or suit boxes can be cut and covered with drawing paper on which original designs are painted, or with attractive samples of wall paper. Shellacking will make the covers more durable, but is not essential.

The designs should be neat and colorful, and represent the best workmanship of the pupils. Many groups have enjoyed making raised designs that illustrate the story, sewed in heavy yarn or cut from paper or felt and pasted on, or, in a few cases, picked from the under side so that the silhouette on the outside can be traced easily with the finger. A source list of the stories will be sent with each assignment this year.

Ties with which the covers are fastened may be colored

shoestrings, heavy ribbon, or braided yarn or floss. Do not use rings or brads.

Cloth reinforcements for the holes are an advantage, especially if the covers are light weight. Holes should not be punched in covers until the stories are actually received so that they will be sure to fit.

Besides the values that the art teacher will want her pupils to realize from this project, there should be growth in understanding the problems and talents of the blind, and in appreciating the work of Braillists and others in behalf of the blind. There should also be greater interest in conserving one's own eyesight.

Knowing Our Country

WESTWARD STAR. By Frank Ernest Hill. John Day Company, New York, 1934.

A novel in verse about Eastern immigrants to California in 1847: this is a definition in prose of a distinguished poem. Significant to American literature in the same way that *John Brown's Body* was, this narrative brings to life a different kind of conflict, leaving an enlarged sense of our American heritage and of the terrific cost by which we became heirs. The flexible, rimed, verse form has a vigorous flow and a poignant music, but never becomes self-consciously "poetical."

Rather, an impression of reality remains. The detail of country and history is authentic to a degree possible only from an author's inbred acquaintance with the land and its traditions. The persons of the poem are very convincing: an Indian, grinning impishly when preacher Bisbee refuses to barter a gun for a scalp; a wise *padre* passing briefly through the scene; Shane and Castro, comedy figures, becoming tremendously important in their deaths. In a subtler way, the characters incarnate elements component in what we call "American." Sarah is such an embodiment. A fine-spirited, Puritan gentlewoman, her portrait is filled in, in a dramatic moment:

"she passed on across the floor of green,
The wine-red dress slow-billing in the air;
Sure and contained, and alien to the land
She walked upon.

Though she will scarcely possess the new country in all its implications for the future, it is to inherit the rich legacy of her own spirit.

So other elements are in other characters: Emmet Walker, who adds to his heritage from Ireland and Virginia, a wisdom from the vast land over which he has passed back and forth; Shebuel, better than a ne'er-do-well by grace of his wife, Sarah; their daughter Celeste, growing into lonely, prophetic allegiance to the new world. The "train" of covered wagons becomes itself an intricate, composite character. Bainbridge, a young lawyer, lifts the group in a leaderless crisis above puny, self-destroying hatreds:

"Our blood is one against a thing so great
That we must fight as one, or we are lost
. . . and we shall pay the cost
Of madness and disintegrate
In spirit first and then in flesh . . ."

There is little explicit interpretation; but here, and in the soliloquies of Celeste and Sarah as they stand irrevocably in the new land, an underlying philosophy becomes deeply lyricized.

Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

MOST of the activities on the October PROGRAM page can be used in small and rural schools, as well as in city schools. Some, like the activities especially addressed to rural schools and also the Service Fund suggestion from Czechoslovakia, are especially appropriate.

Trading

Through the county Junior Red Cross Council town and rural schools have an opportunity to work together. Each group has much to contribute to the other. The examples of exchanges on the October page will suggest other, often better, ideas.

Rural schools perhaps have the more valuable gifts at hand. They can make up boxes of nature study specimens, well labeled: leaves, bark, flowers, berries, grains, or other seeds, bottles of sand, or other soil, pebbles and stones, even bugs.

In return, town schools may send reference material: good books, mounted pictures; single copies, old files, or new subscriptions to magazines like the *National Geographic*, *Nature*, the *Reader's Digest*, and other periodicals of popular science or current events.

Activities Growing from Exchanges

Such exchanges open other activities. Town Junior Red Cross members will mount the exhibits received, build display cabinets or cases, perhaps conduct an assembly with talks on natural science interests found close at hand, and if they are invited, have an excursion into the country as guests of some hospitable rural school.

Country members will build shelves for the books received and make a cozy reading corner with the Junior Red Cross PROGRAM, the poster, the News, and additional pictures and magazines received from town schools. Whenever a pupil finds an article or illustration of interest in connection with class study, he can file a descriptive note so that schoolmates will be able to find the reference quickly. A shoe box, correspondence card boxes, or other pasteboard boxes, can be made into useful reference files with headings either for units or class subjects. If invited, country school members may enjoy an excursion as guests of hospitable town members, and visit libraries and museums.

Almost more important than any other activity for both sides is the writing of thank-you notes for all courtesies. To accept gifts gracefully with sincere appreciation for friendliness, is quite as important as to give in the spirit of comradeship. So friendships of lasting value may grow.

Gifts from Farther Away

Junior groups in city and suburban schools sometimes seek advice about where to send gifts of outgrown storybooks or textbooks. If rural schools that can use such books to special advantage will write their National or Branch Headquarters, it will sometimes be possible to arrange such gifts from other Junior Red Cross groups. This is not a promise, but a hope and a good intention.

An Armistice Day Parade

A letter from the Nordhoff school of Ojai, California, to a primary school in Bulgaria, told of an Ar-

mistice Day project that combined fun and education, in the interest of Red Cross Roll Call. The Juniors used the only legitimate means of getting members for Red Cross; that is, by giving information about what membership means. The children wrote:

"Armistice Day we marched over in the village to help get adult members of the Red Cross. All Juniors had learned the pledge and chose to march under its parts; *Service, Health, for better service, and Worldwide Friendship*.

The little folks with banners and labels led with a dozen divisions, under *Service*: Scrapbooks ready to send to the children's hospital, supplies for our government hospital at Sawtelle, California; baskets for Thanksgiving food; a brigade carrying canned food for disaster victims; a group with letters and flowers for the sick; bus and street patrols helping the lame along; stretchers, made by the children, carrying an injured boy, with a little Junior Red Cross nurse and doctor near; boys with hands crossed carrying a little girl with a sprained ankle; a big pet dog with his head all bandaged drawn in a wagon; a child who could not swim being helped to get his breath back after being in the water and a little girl in a wagon bandaging her doll.

"A big cardboard toothbrush led the *Health* division, followed by older children with toothbrushes pretending to brush their teeth; a load of oranges with children taking paper cups to an orange squeezer as if drinking orange juice; a big pasteboard bottle of milk and a number of children with quart pasteboard bottles of milk; a squad in sunsuits and bathing suits; a platoon turning handsprings and cartwheels, and playing with a big ball; baskets of carrots and other vegetables; a sleeping beauty in a little cart labeled *Rest*; children with desert canteens drinking much water; a baby doll in a bathtub drawn by a first-grader.

"The third division, *Worldwide Friendship*, was the most colorful and inspiring. The upper grades had made flags of the countries from which we have received portfolios, and dressed dolls in the costumes of that country. Some of the children and teachers dressed in costumes and marched at the end of the long procession. There was a wagon full to overflowing of Christmas boxes and Juniors giving them to children dressed in Samoan, Japanese, and Eskimo clothes. All the other boys and girls carried little pennants 'I Serve,' American flags, or the captions on standards and cards saying 'Join the Red Cross.'"

New References on the Red Cross

Several teachers have called attention to the excellent lessons on the Red Cross and Junior Red Cross in *Citizenship Readers*, published by the Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, under the general editorship of Edwin Shurter and collaborators.

TEAM WORK, for Grade IV, contains in the section on *Public Service*, two excellent stories on the history and work both of the senior and Junior Red Cross. Under the headings *Food, Clothing, Helpfulness, Shelter, Public Service, Travel and Communication*, and *Helpful Animals and Birds*, excerpts from children's classics are combined with well written information drawn from geography, modern science and industry. The GOOD CITIZEN'S CLUB, for Grade 3, is a simple, practical compilation of classics that children love and practical stories about the world around them, with emphasis on service. MAKERS OF AMERICA, for Grade 6, is divided into the sections *American Statesmen, Science and Invention, Heroism that Lives, Blazing New Trails, Doing for Others, Leadership in Action, and Creators of Beauty*. The "makers" are men and women who have set the world forward by constructive thinking and doing. Under *Doing for Others*, is the story of Clara Barton and the beginning of the American Red Cross; of Horace Mann, "the father of the public schools"; and others.

Fitness for Service for October

Foods to Build Bone

GOOD bones in the human body may be compared to the steel structure of a building. Foods needed for bone-building are:

Most important: milk, a quart a day for children

Very important: two green vegetables, fresh and stewed fruit, meat or fish, bread or other cereal, and butter every day; with eggs several times a week

Also important: oranges, lemons, grapefruit and tomatoes

Teeth

Since teeth are bones the same foods are needed plus some tough foods that give exercise in chewing—crisp toast; crusts of rolls; raw vegetables, like carrots or cabbage; and raw apples.

Besides food and exercise, teeth need proper cleaning and inspecting by a dentist.

Posture and Clothing

Good posture should be a result of strong bones and muscles, but school seats of the wrong size, especially seats and desks too small for long children, may develop stooped or crooked shoulders or spines.

Ill-fitting clothing may hamper the natural free movement that keeps bones growing straight. Shoes too short, too large, or too high-heeled, may injure the shape of the feet, weaken arches, and throw the body off balance, preventing natural grace and balance in standing or walking.

Play and normal fidgeting are better exercise in growing good bones than formal calisthenics. A stiff body with a self-consciously poked-out chest, is not a naturally straight body. An upstanding person is not one who leans backward at the top. The good posture that strong, straight bones give is one of unselfconscious poise when the body is at rest or at attention, and ease of movement when it is in action.

References

For children, a booklet called *Jimmy Chew* may be obtained free from the Good Teeth Council for Children, seventeenth floor, 400 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

Teachers and parents will be interested in *The National Milk Survey Number*, May 1934, of the *Consumer's Guide*, issued by the Consumer's Council of the AAA in cooperation with the Bureaus of Agricultural Economics, Home Economics, and Labor Statistics. A general under-consumption of milk is indicated in this study.

CHILDREN OF THE NEW DAY. By Katherine Glover and Evelyn Dewey. Appleton-Century Company, New York City. 1934. Price \$2.25.

The authors, both of whom were in close touch with the White House Conference on Child Health and Protection, of 1930, have shown selective genius and a nice sense of proportion in their digest of the scientific knowledge brought together in the conference. The significance of that knowledge could not be sensed till the pattern was seen whole.

A "new child" is alive, "in a world whose whole rate of vibration has changed. Many think that these changes, greater within the past fifty years than for centuries before, are the prologue to definite differences in the individual."

He is seen by the scientists who measure and test

him as a new racial experiment and the inhabitant of a new order.

Directing him into the new order takes on the dimensions of adventure for the parents and the teachers who are themselves children of the transition period rather than of the new world and are sometimes geared to a world that has been left. An insight into what has been learned of this portentous creature and of his relation to the changing world will help us route him in right directions. This problem the authors realize clearly; yet there is nothing genuinely frightening about their discussion. The physical, mental, and emotional unfolding of the child, all parts of whom should remain a harmonious whole, is sketched lucidly, from increasingly authoritative observations. "The Part Food Plays" gives a brief, working summary that any mother may use as a guide. Habits are treated sensibly, with no slurring over their importance to health and happiness. These and similar chapters are very practical.

"The flower of the human race does not, like the rose or the daisy, unfold from seed to bloom wholly by an unconscious fulfillment of inner laws. At some point conscious cooperation with the process must step in."

To these authors, both experts in education and child welfare, the "conscious cooperation" is a consecrated functioning, to be taken earnestly. They say:

"Basically, the whole task of educating and training the young is the guiding of this deep drive toward perfection into its proper channel. There is no answer short of that summed up in *perfection* which can account for this lashing drive to achieve, to change, to make better, which is so strong in human beings."

So, they prophesy, the first real civilization will be seen when men are finally at peace with one another and with nature, set free by their own inner control from the wastage of defense and aggression; freed from enslaving labor, by science, for scarcely imagined adventures of knowledge that lie ahead. The concluding chapter, "Children of Tomorrow," seems itself to turn a curve toward a dazzling future, if one can believe:

"If a people are to have great privileges, some kind of new, strong motivation must take the place of the old struggles against tyranny of men against men and the battle with the elements. And with our children this seems likely to be a genuine and powerful spiritual motivation." "If we sit still enough, we may be able to sense the wonderful tomorrow that is to be born of today's clamor. Already are among us some of those who are the builders of tomorrow. We recognize in certain of these children a flame. They defy all our rules and our measurements. We find them as musicians who are like instruments of music itself, as poets to whom poetry is as breathing, inventors whose inventions are ready-made. Their thinking cuts clear as a diamond. Physically they have a rare beauty. Have you noticed how much more beautiful children are growing? They are here among us, if we have eyes to see, these builders of a new kind of world."

Teachers, of all persons, must believe; must not be caught back in what may passingly seem real but is no more than a backwash of stagnant water delayed in a bayou, having little importance to the sweep of the main stream.

The Little People

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Illustrations by Constance Whittemore

IN the wide Piazza della Signoria, the central square of Florence, stood Luigi Rosso. His brown eyes were alternately studying the statue of Perseus in the loggia and a small wooden copy of the statue he was holding in his left hand. Now and then he carved the wood with his jack-knife.

Presently a passerby stopped and looked over the boy's shoulder. "A very good copy," said he.

Luigi's eyes shone as he turned. "I shall make a better one next time, signore," he declared.

The stranger chuckled. "That's always the way with artists, isn't it? We'll make a better one next shot. I see you have the right idea. So you'd like to be a sculptor, would you?"

"Or a wood carver," grinned Luigi, and added soberly, "But there's little time for such fancy work on our farm up the hill."

The stranger was an American painter, named John Lovat. He studied Luigi as he went on carving and polishing the piece of wood. Perhaps among this black-haired boy's ancestors there had been a craftsman who had worked in the city by the Arno in the days when the glorious cathedral and the exquisite bell tower were rising or when Michael Angelo was immortalizing his princely patrons in the statues of the Medici Chapel. John Lovat began to question Luigi.

Their talk, however, was soon interrupted by a babel of children's voices. A cart had halted in the piazza and two men were placing on trestles a box with a curtain on which shone the words "Grand Theater of Marionettes." Traveling puppet shows were a common sight to the Italian boy; he continued his work with the knife and sandpaper until John Lovat touched his shoulder. "Come," said he, "let's have a look at the little people. I've loved them ever since I first read 'Pinocchio.'"

The two joined the audience in front of the theater and watched the antics of Pulcinella and Harlequin. The humor was as grotesque and crude as were the marionettes that cavorted on their strings. When the play was finished John Lovat tossed a coin into the showman's hat. "Well, my friend," he said to Luigi, "none of those puppets is half so fine as your Perseus.

Yet the little wooden people might be made real art."

"Marionettes—art!" Luigi scoffed.

"Certainly. I've seen the most beautiful puppets, as marvelous in their way as any sculpture or painting. Come to my studio and I'll get you a book that will tell you all about the little people, how to make them, dress them, work their strings. It has gorgeous colored pictures of all sorts of costumes."

Luigi pointed to a donkey. "There's Beppo," said the boy. "He brings our vegetables to market in his baskets. I've sold what we brought today."

"Fetch him along," said John Lovat. "He can doze in my courtyard as comfortably as in the square."

Up the hill that wound to Fiesole boy and donkey climbed some hours later, and though Beppo's eyes were sleepy, Luigi's shone as he read John Lovat's book.



Luigi managed to make Columbus bow

The Rosso farm was small; part of it was planted with grapes and olives, part was a vegetable patch, part a pasture for two cows, some sheep, and the little donkey. There was plenty of work for Luigi and his sister Beata, but when their evening chores were done they usually sat on the hillside while the boy carved and the girl sewed.

That evening Luigi's tongue clacked like a mill wheel as he told Beata of his meeting with John Lovat and showed her the book with the colored plates. "And I'm going to make a marionette show that will be beautiful!" he exclaimed.

"But, Luigi," said Beata, "you don't know anything about puppets."

"I know a little and I'll learn more. And I've thought of what you can do. You can dress the little people. Mr. Lovat has promised me a box of paints, cardboard, and colored paper for the scenery, silk for the curtains, and pieces of satin and velvet for the costumes. Think, Beata, how you love to dress dolls!"

Beata looked doubtful no more. "What puppets will you make, Luigi?" she asked.

Her brother thrust his fingers through his upstanding hair. "I've already thought of that," he said with pride. "Mr. Lovat comes from



America, and so our first play shall represent our Columbus discovering the New World across the sea. I will make Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand, Columbus, of course, and a few sailors, and some brown-skinned natives of the West Indies. For scenes there will be a room in the royal Spanish palace, the ocean with some little ships, and an island with palm-trees on the shore. Those will not be hard to make with the cardboard, the colored paper, and the paints."

"But the puppets must speak, Luigi."

"So they shall. But they need not speak much. You shall learn some lines for the queen to say, and I will speak for Columbus. The others will simply dance; a hornpipe for the sailors and a dance of joy for the Indians."

When John Lovat came to the farm some days later, he found that Luigi had already built a simple puppet theater that could be taken apart and packed in a box. With the book of directions for a guide, the two young people set to work and for a month worked like beavers in all their spare hours.

"Keep it simple," cautioned John Lovat. "The fewer the strings the better for a first attempt."

Beata made the curtains and draperies. Luigi painted the scenery and made three small pasteboard caravels. The puppets—a dozen figures—he carved with all his skill. When each was finished Beata dressed it like the pictures in the book. Then strings were fastened to the marionettes' arms and legs and the brother and sister tried to make them dance.

They danced. But such strange gyrations were never seen before. Luigi and Beata practiced with the strings for days and days.

"I never saw such mulish people," said the boy. "I'd like to take a stick and beat sense into their heads."

"Never mind," said John Lovat. "I don't believe Columbus or Queen Isabella was accustomed to dance, and as for the Indians—the more wildly they whirl the better."

Then came the day when the theater was set on a packing-box in the pasture and the first public performance was given before an audience of the Rosso's friends. Beata spoke in a squeaky voice for the Spanish queen and Luigi growled for Columbus. King Ferdinand said nothing, but fell down on his head and upset his throne. There were shouts of joy from the audience, louder shouts when one of the caravels stuck as it was pulled by a string across the waves, loudest shouts when the four Indians got their arms and legs entangled and finally knocked Columbus full length on the shore.

"You'll do better next time," said John Lovat

as he slapped Luigi on the shoulder. "And your little people are beautifully carved. As for the costumes," he added, turning to Beata, "I'm sure that Queen Isabella would have been proud to wear such a magnificent gown."

Through the long summer twilights the children experimented with the strings, and by autumn they were able to manipulate the marionettes with considerable skill. After the grape-harvesting, however, their mother fell ill and had to keep her bed, so that Beata had little time for the puppets. The doctor said that the invalid should have medicines and better food to restore her strength, and the Rossos were perplexed as to how to provide these.

Then an idea occurred to Luigi. "We will put the marionette theater in Beppo's cart," he said to Beata, "and take it to Fiesole and give our play there. I will make a folding table and a frame for the curtains. We will choose a festival

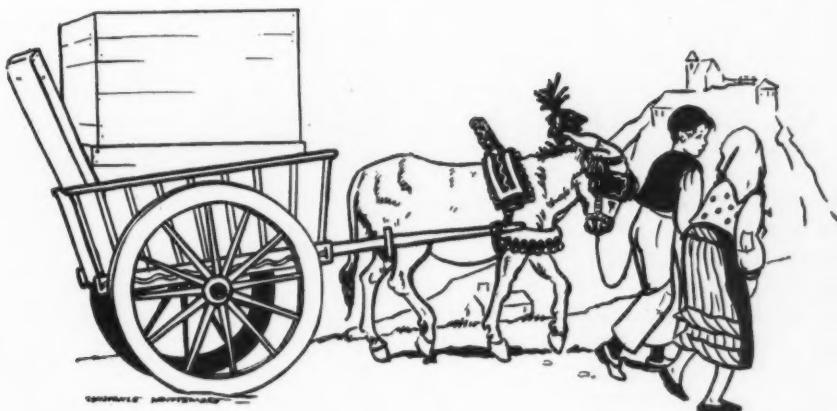


The two young people set to work

afternoon. It may be that enough people will toss coins in my hat to pay for the things mother needs."

So on a warm autumn noon Beppo was harnessed to the cart. Up the hill to Fiesole went donkey, boy, and girl; and, though Beppo was as sleepy-eyed as ever, Luigi and Beata were more excited than they had ever been in their lives.

Their excitement grew as they came into town, where people were making holiday. Luigi looked so resolute that Beata took heart, though her fingers were twitching as she thought of handling those complicated strings. In the main square Luigi halted the cart. He set the little theater on the table and fixed the curtains on the frame so as to hide the puppeteers. Beata's hands



*Up the hill to Fiesole went
donkey, boy, and girl*

pery, and as they descended through the dusk the little donkey stumbled and skinned the knees of his forelegs. Luigi unharnessed him and Beata led him, stiff-legged, the rest of the way, while her brother pushed the cart. When they ar-

trembled as she unwound the strings from the marionettes.

"Courage!" whispered Luigi. "And be sure to speak loud enough for everyone to hear."

Beata doubted if she would be able to speak at all, so dry were her lips. She glanced at the donkey, tethered by a stable door, and for a moment wished she were Beppo.

It took time to arrange the scenery, to make sure that there were no knots in the strings. Then Luigi picked up the farm dinner bell and rang it vigorously. People stopped before the theater, laughing and joking in festival mood.

But just as Luigi was about to lift the curtain, suddenly clouds chased across the sky, lightning flashed and sheets of rain descended. People ran for shelter into shops and doorways; in a twinkling the square was deserted. Luigi and Beata dismantled the theater as quickly as they could and hauled it on the cart into the stable.

A few people had already taken shelter there and some children ran in after the cart. Luigi mopped his brow. "The fates are against us," he muttered to Beata.

"Give us the show in here, lad," said a fat, jolly-faced man. The boys and girls clapped their hands. "The little people!" they chorused.

"Very well," said Luigi.

In fifteen minutes he had the theater set up again at the rear of the stable. The curtain rose and the play began. Beata forgot her nervousness and spoke Isabella's lines as a queen should. Luigi managed to make Columbus bow without upsetting. The Indians would insist on kicking each other in the shins, but the audience appeared to think that was what they would do.

It was a good performance; but there were so few grown people in the stable that not many coins were flung in Luigi's hat. "Not enough to buy much medicine and food," he said sadly.

The road down the hill from Fiesole was slip-

ped at the farm Beppo was so lame that he wouldn't be able to take the farm produce to Florence for some time to come.

Next morning, therefore, the brother and sister shouldered the two wicker vegetable baskets and set off down the road to the city market. The puppet show had brought small reward, and now Beppo was lame. On the two trudged in silence until at a bend in the highway they saw two men approaching up the hill.

"Why, there's Mr. Lovat!" exclaimed Beata.

The American waved to them. "This is Signor Bianchi," he said, "and we were on our way to see you. Signor Bianchi happened to be in Fiesole yesterday, and when the rain came he took refuge in a stable in the square. And he tells me he saw a puppet show—"

"Yes," interrupted the other with a broad smile. "The play—it was amusing. But the marionettes—their carving and their costuming—that was what took my eye."

"There was only a handful of people," said Luigi sadly. "If it hadn't been for the storm—"

"It was because of the storm he saw your play," said John Lovat. "Last night he told me about the charming little people he had seen at Fiesole, and when he mentioned Columbus and Queen Isabella I knew they must be your little people. Signor Bianchi asked me about you, since, as it chances, he is planning a marionette theater of his own in Florence."

"Will you carve the little people for my theater?" the gentleman asked Luigi eagerly. "And will you costume them?" he asked Beata. "I will pay you well, as your fine work deserves."

The boy and girl stared in amazement, for a moment too delighted to answer. "Will we?" they exclaimed, speaking as one. And Luigi added with a twinkle at his American friend, "We'll make better ones next time, signore. That's the way with artists, Mr. Lovat says."

The Story of

THIS is the strange story of a young Japanese boy who, nearly one hundred years ago, was shipwrecked on a desert island, and given up for lost. He was rescued by the captain of a New England whaler, brought to this country, educated, and treated with the greatest of kindness. He lived to return, after many adventures, to his native land and his own family, and he played an important part in bringing America and Japan together in a friendship which has endured to this day.

One day, in the summer of 1841, the whaling vessel, *John Howland*, was sailing near the bleak and desolate Rock Islands in the China Sea, when a sailor, perched up aloft, gave a shout. Land! The welcome news spread fast, for land usually meant fresh water, turtle eggs, and other welcome additions to the monotonous fare of a long whaling cruise.

But there was a big surprise in store, for on the island were five castaways. They were Japanese fishermen who had been blown out to sea in a storm, and had existed for nearly six months on the sea birds and turtle eggs which they could find while they watched the seas in vain for a passing ship.

Captain William H. Whitfield, master of the *John Howland*, took them all on board. Of course they could not speak a word of English, but it was not difficult for them to make their rescuers understand that they were very hungry. They were soon fed and cared for, and for four months they stayed on the vessel as she cruised about in pursuit of whales.

One of the castaways was a boy fourteen or fifteen years old named Manjiro Nakahama. He was quick and intelligent, and he soon learned to make himself useful by performing many services for the captain, to whom he acted as a sort of cabin boy. In the fall, the whaling season drew to a close. After a voyage of more than two



An early Japanese drawing of an American sailor

[30]



VIOLET KELWAY LIBBY

years Captain Whitfield was preparing to return to New England, and he planned to put the castaways ashore at Honolulu. But Nakahama, who had become devoted to him, begged to be allowed to return with him to America.

It may seem strange that he did not try to return to his own people, but this was impossible. For many generations Japan had held herself completely withdrawn from the rest of the world. Foreigners were forbidden to enter the country and no Japanese was permitted to leave it. The penalty for disobeying the law was death. Even though they had been carried away by a storm, Nakahama and his companions did not believe they would be allowed to return. So Captain Whitfield, who had taken a great liking to the young Japanese boy, brought him back to Fairhaven, Massachusetts.

All the sights and sounds of the New England town must have seemed very strange to Nakahama, but he quickly adapted himself to his new life. Everyone was kind to this boy from a strange land. The good captain sent him to school, and the boys and girls were soon his friends. He worked hard, and made a special study of mathematics and navigation.

In those days of long voyages every vessel carried a cooper whose duty it was to make and repair the casks in which the precious water was carried. When he was about twenty, Nakahama made a voyage to the Pacific as a cooper on the New Bedford bark *Franklin*. Those were stir-



Nakahama made this drawing of an early American paddle-wheel steamer

ring times. Gold had been discovered in California, and on his next voyage to the Pacific, Nakahama joined the famous gold rush of 1849.

During his long exile in America, he had always hoped that some day he might find a way to return once again to his mother's home in Japan. Now, as soon as he had earned sufficient money in the gold fields, he made plans to go back and seek permission to enter his native land, even though he might risk death by doing so.

Sailing to Honolulu, he found three of the men who had been shipwrecked with him, all as anxious as he to return. With the help of the American consul and the chaplain of the Seamen's Mission, they were able to get a whaleboat and provisions. These were put on board an American merchantman sailing for China, which carried them close to Loo Choo Islands. One snowy night, braving a gale, Nakahama and his companions got into the whaleboat, and rowed for many hours until they reached an island harbor.

Here they stayed for several months, but at last they were picked up by a Japanese junk which carried them to the harbor of Nagasaki. There for two and a half years they waited for permission to return to their homes. At last the joyful day came, and Nakahama once again saw his mother and family, who had of course long believed him dead.

Nakahama

That is by no means the end of the story. During the wait at Nagasaki, people had been much interested in Nakahama and his voyage to far-away America. Many were the tales he told, and he lost no opportunity to speak of the kindness with which he had been treated, so that among the Japanese a great spirit of friendliness grew up towards the people of the United States.

It so happened that America had long been wishing to make friends with Japan, and just about the time that Nakahama arrived home, the famous Perry Mission reached the country to persuade her to end her isolation.

To his great surprise and joy, Nakahama was ordered by the Emperor to come to Tokyo, or Jeddo, as it was then called, and act as interpreter. This was a great honor and Nakahama was happy to play such a part in bringing the two nations into more friendly relations. Many people believe it was a very important part. It was not long before a treaty was signed between Japan and the United States that ended the isolation of generations. The kindness shown by Captain Whitfield and his fellow townspeople to the young Japanese boy had borne unexpected fruit.

This kindness was never forgotten, and today, in the public library of Fairhaven, you can see a beautiful antique Samurai sword, given to the town a few years ago by the son of Nakahama, as a symbol of gratitude and friendship.

After the signing of the treaty, the spirit of western progress rapidly spread through Japan, and Nakahama, with his ability and experience, naturally became a leader in its development. He was an officer on the first Japanese steamer to cross the Pacific to California, and later became a professor in the University of Tokyo. It was his oldest child, Dr. Toichiro Nakahama, who sent to America the Samurai sword.



A map of the United States drawn by Nakahama
L. OF C.

Toys of Long Ago

CHARLOTTE KETT

CHESTERFIELD House, the town house of the Princess Royal, has had to go. Like many another of London's fine mansions, it has had to make way for a big block of flats.

Never did a dwelling choose a more graceful way of quitting life's stage, for its last act of hospitality was to give shelter to an exhibition in aid of the blind. It invited the world to come and look at rooms full of beautiful and curious things for the benefit of those to whom sight is denied. Thousands gladly spent their shillings to view the exhibition and everything that they looked at in some way touched children.

"Children Throughout the Ages," the exhibition was called, and more than two hundred places and people contributed the treasures on view.

There were paintings by famous artists showing children of long ago in their uncomfortable clothes. There were the clothes themselves—even the armor and the swords that weighed down the eight-year-old princes in the Dark Ages, heavy as lead to lift in the hand.

There were chairs, high chairs, plain chairs, ingenious walking machines, and baby carriages, all hundreds of years old. There were puzzles, board games, yo-yo's, spillikins, cup-and-ball games, and a scene showing Chinese children playing tag countless centuries ago. There was a clay "copy-book" dug up at Ur, with the mistakes on it made by some Sumerian child about 2000 B. C.

Room after room was given up to toys and dolls. The toys from Ur and Egypt and Greece were so ancient that the wonder was that they had not crumbled to dust long ago. They set one wondering about the boys and girls who had laughed over them and loved them before Christ was born.

There were beautiful toys, curious toys, toys played with by famous people and toys that have had strange histories. The strangest, perhaps, was the charred doll found in the walls of an old London hospital when it was torn down. What her secret was no one knew. She was a cheap, poor sort of doll, but one guesses that she was dearly loved by some small patient who must have stuffed her away for safe keeping at some time when repairs were going on.

In the literary section were children's books from many lands, and a most interesting magazine, *The Sunbeam*, edited, written, illustrated, and circulated by Robert Louis Stevenson at school in Edinburgh. But one copy of this journal was issued each time, and it was passed around among the boys at a penny a night.

Another literary curiosity was a letter on paper three inches square written to a school-fellow by the author, Charles Dickens, when he was twelve. It began: "Tom, I am quite ashamed I have not returned your leg, but you shall have it by Harry tomorrow." In a P. S. he adds, "I suppose all this time you have had a wooden leg."

The exhibition put our minds at rest on this gory subject by a footnote explaining that "leg" was school slang for "lexicon," or dictionary.

It is hard to say which of the toys was the most fascinating. Most people, the moment they came in, asked which was the queen's doll—not because it was the most beautiful,

but because, loving the queen, they were interested to see things she had played with as a little girl.

Another doll, representing England's ruler in grandfather's youth, Queen Victoria, drew an admiring throng by her wonderfully life-like and kindly expression.

A marvelous Noah's Ark, over one hundred years old, had 226 animals going in two by two, everything from tiny red lady-birds and green



FITCHENER, LONDON

grasshoppers to long-necked giraffes. Some twenty others had lost their partners, but when I remember the death-rate among Noah's Ark animals in our playroom, it does not seem many. Children must have played carefully with their toys in those days.

Among girl visitors to the exhibition, the toy kitchen was a great favorite. This little room, two feet high, held such an equipment as Chesterfield House itself might have had for preparing great banquets, complete down to the last wooden spoon. Its pewter platters, brass jugs and copper saucepans all shone. Someone who counted them said there were 228 utensils, and thanked her stars that she was not the maid who had to keep them all bright.

The boys gave an admiring cluck before this wonder, but they were quick to catch sight of its rival farther on. This was a miniature carpenter shop, made in Holland in the last century. Its saws, awls, screw drivers, chisels, all hung in place in almost as great profusion as the pots and

pans in the kitchen, and every one worked.

But some visitors felt only a perfunctory interest in art or literature; history left them cold and they were too old to care much for toys. They had a practical bent, and often a baby to bring up. For them one room was set aside to show the relative usefulness of witch-doctors' charms and clean milk in saving young lives. Beyond this was the last and most cheerful room of all—a bright, modern playroom, where everything was for use and nothing for show, though everything there was of beautiful color and form.

This room seemed to speak to the multitudes, saying, "You have seen children through the ages. Rejoice that in this age we let children be natural. Remember the armor that growing bones used once to carry; compare it with the sun suits of today. You are sad that Chesterfield House must go? But be glad that the

best of London's new flats provide space for children to play and playrooms like this."



FITCHENER, LONDON
*Some little girl in 1777
was proud of Lady
Smeerwell*

Moon Festival in China

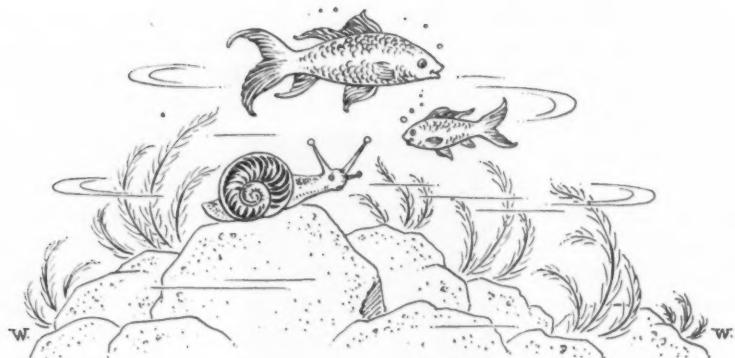
WHEN the Chinese want to describe something that is just about perfect they use the word "jade" as we sometimes use the words "pure gold." Thus the popular Chinese name for the frontispiece picture is "The Jade Rabbits." But its real name is "East Rising Moon." You will notice that one of the rabbits has his back humped up to look like the rising moon. In some Chinese legends the spirit of the moon is a rabbit, and he is said to appear in the moon collecting medicinal herbs. Other stories say there is a lady in the moon. She went there seeking exactly the right medicine and the rabbit went to help her find it. The rabbit festival and the moon festival come at the same time in China. Then there are little white clay bunnies in red bonnets and aprons for sale in the streets, much as we have Hallowe'en favors for sale during October.

Mr. Y. L. Chin, who was for a time at the League of Red Cross Societies in Paris, wrote about the moon festival in his part of China:

"On the fifteenth day of the eighth month we

celebrated mid-autumn and worshipped the moon. On the festival morning we saluted and congratulated each other, and of course kotowed to the gods and the ancestors. When evening came, a table was placed in the open air on which were spread all kinds of fruits and roots. It was the lotus season. Lotus seeds as well as roots were supplied in plenty. These, with water chestnuts, were the delicacies of the day.

"My married sister had in the enclosure behind her home a large pond full of lotus. We would ply the two small boats by turns. The pond was so full of lotus that the boats moved only slowly among them. But it was like nothing else in all the year. Some of us would lean over to pluck the cool lotus while others told the tales of the beautiful lady of the moon. Someone would hum a tune to make a little pool of sound in the silence of the night. The pond was to us a world apart. The gentle breeze, the soft moonbeams streaming through the leaves of whispering willows on the bank had turned it for that night into the land of our dreams."



Sniddy Snail

GRACE IRENE BENNETT

Songs by Mollie Anderson

Decorations by Wynna Wright

ONCE upon a time there was a little gray snail whose name was Sniddy Snail. He lived in an aquarium, a large bowl of water with rocks on the bottom and little pieces of seaweed in it. In the aquarium with Sniddy Snail lived Gilly and Golly Goldfish, and Terry Turtle. They were Sniddy Snail's friends.

Sniddy Snail had a beautiful shell which was fastened onto his back, and he used it for a house. Sniddy Snail always had his tiny house with him. If he became frightened, he just crawled into his house and was safe. If he wanted to go to sleep, he just pulled in his foot and his head and went to sleep, wherever he was.

Sniddy Snail's foot made glue. He could climb right up the side of a window. His foot made glue all the time, so that he did not fall off.

And then, Sniddy had two eyes on the top of two long horns. He could look around a corner by just stretching one of these horns around and opening his eye.

Sniddy liked to eat lettuce as you do. That was the only thing about him that is like you, except that some little boys are as slow about putting on their wraps as Sniddy was about moving.

Sniddy Snail was usually a happy little snail, but one morning he woke up feeling

very cross. He was much crosser than you have ever been, I am sure. He looked up and opened one eye and saw Gilly and Golly Goldfish darting about the bowl and heard the little goldfish sing happily:

PRESTO LIGHTLY

The musical notation consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time with a key signature of one sharp. It features a treble clef and includes lyrics: "Round and round the bowl we swim Round and round we swim". The bottom staff is also in common time with a key signature of one sharp. It features a bass clef and includes lyrics: "Back and forth, To and fro Round and round we swim". The music is marked "PRESTO LIGHTLY".

Sniddy Snail listened and he said, "I am tired of crawling slowly. I am going to swim just like those goldfish."

So he let go of the glass and tried to swim, but he fell right down to the bottom of the bowl; and then he was crosser than ever. Oh, you have never been as cross as that snail was.

"I am going to see my Grandfather and tell him my troubles," said Sniddy. So he turned around slowly and started off to see his Grandfather who lived under a pile of rocks on the bottom of the aquarium.

Sniddy climbed over rocks and past little bits of seaweed and finally came to his

Grandfather's house. He said, "Good morning, Grandfather."

Grandfather Snail heard that cross, whining voice, and he answered, "Good morning, my boy. How are you today?"

"I am not very happy, Grandfather," said Sniddy. "In fact, I am very unhappy, Grandfather."

"Well, what's the trouble, my boy? Just what's wrong with you today?"

And then Sniddy Snail sang a little song all about his troubles:

SLOWLY HEAVILY

The musical notation consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the bottom staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first line of lyrics is 'Why O why am I a snail? Why O Why?'. The second line of lyrics is 'I'd much rather be a fish go swimming by—'.

"Is that what's the matter with you?" said Granddaddy Snail. "You want to be a fish, do you, Sniddy?"

"Yes, Grandfather, I want to be a fish. The fish have such beautiful fins, Grandfather. They have such a beautiful color, and my shell is so dull looking. They have such long fluttery tails, and they can swim so fast, Grandfather, while I can only crawl. When I wanted to come to your house this morning, Grandfather, I had to crawl very slowly while Gilly and Golly Goldfish were just sailing around the bowl. It made me very sad."

"Grandfather, I don't like to be a snail."

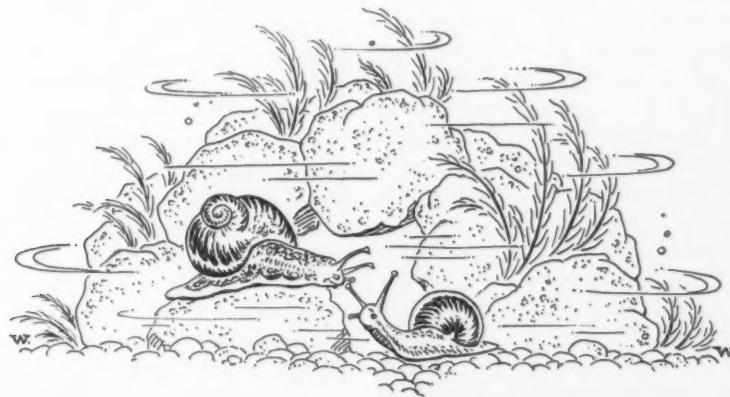
Then Granddaddy Snail looked at Sniddy and he said, "Sniddy, my boy, never mind, never mind. Snails have their good points, too. Did you ever think of that? The goldfish hasn't any beautiful shell to hide in. If a cat comes along and tries to eat him, a goldfish has to swim away. You can just pull your head and your foot into your shell and you are safe. A goldfish can't make glue and stick wherever he wants to stick. And the goldfish hasn't the wonderful eyes you have Sniddy, my boy. You don't have to swim around a rock; all you have to do is bend your little horn with an eye on the end of it and look."

"Oh," said Sniddy, "maybe I can be happy even if I am a snail."

"Why, you certainly can, Sniddy Snail," said Grandfather Snail. Then Sniddy felt so happy that he sang this little song:

The musical notation consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the bottom staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first line of lyrics is 'I'd much rather have a shell than beautiful fin + a tail'. The second line of lyrics is 'I don't want to be a fish, I'd rather be a snail—'.

And forever after that, when Sniddy Snail saw the goldfish swimming by, he just remembered his shell, his remarkable foot, and his wonderful eyes, and sang his little song.



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A MESSAGE

TO MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR RED CROSS EVERYWHERE:

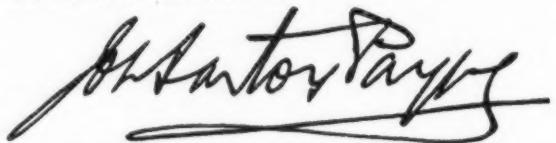
Representatives of the Red Cross Societies of the world will meet at the fifteenth International Conference in Tokyo this month to discuss current policies and problems of world-wide significance and to plan programs of action for the future. Consideration of the work of the Junior Red Cross will hold an important place on the Conference agenda.

The delegates from every country will listen with profound interest to the accounts of your achievements and your plans for the future. Many of them will recount with pride the accomplishments of the Junior members of their own Red Cross Societies.

Your active participation in Red Cross service is both helpful and inspiring to our grown-up members. They are depending upon you to an ever-increasing degree to assume a large share in local, national, and international Red Cross activities. Your readiness to answer every call, your enthusiastic response to every challenging situation, your ability to meet and solve difficult problems individually, and as groups, supply convincing evidence that you are a most significant component of the great Red Cross army which is fighting to alleviate human suffering.

We are looking forward to the Tokyo Conference with most pleasant anticipation. It will be

a great privilege to meet and confer again for a time with delegates of our sister Red Cross Societies. An added pleasure will be that of revisiting beautiful and hospitable Japan, whose Red Cross officials, members and Juniors received us so graciously at the time of our Oriental Conference there in 1926.



Chairman of the Board of Governors of the League of Red Cross Societies, and of the American Red Cross

THE SPIDER IN A MATCHBOX

THIS is the time of the year when the skilled workman who specializes in making scientific instruments harvests spider silk.

If you are fortunate enough you may come across him prowling about in the park or on the common, peering into the shrubs and bushes for recently-spun webs which tell of the presence of spiders. The female spiders, which are larger than the timid males, are each placed in an empty matchbox. After three or four days of captivity the box is opened and the spider is offered a ladder of escape in the shape of a pencil. She mounts it eagerly, and, letting out a silken thread, attempts to lower herself to the ground. As quickly as she spins the workman winds the thread in single strands on a wire frame. Sometimes a spider will supply twenty frames, roughly about one hundred yards of thread, before she ceases spinning. She is then set free.

When about a dozen spiders have been tricked in this way the mechanic considers he has enough thread for his year's work. It is stored in air-tight tins and used for marking the diaphragm sight-lines by which instruments of precision (such as microscopes, theodolites, and telescopes) make measurements down to a half-millionth of an inch. The meridian at Greenwich, from which all the world takes its time, is a thread spun by a common spider.

In such delicate instruments it is absolutely essential that there should be a smooth sight-line. Steel hairs were first tried, but it was found they magnify as the power increases. Other substances, though delicate enough, change under heat or cold or damp; the spider's gossamer alone remains for all time unchanged.

When woven, a spider's web varies in thickness between .0002 and .0003 of an inch, but if this is too thick the web is split in two by a fine needle, and a single strand is used.

—Children's Newspaper, London.

Something to Read

ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN ON THE RIVER

Carol Ryrie Brink: Macmillan: \$1.75

(Ages 10 to 15)

WHEN his mother died, Jacques Poiret, at fourteen, faced the world with a scanty inheritance—the *croix de guerre* that his father had won before his airplane was shot down in the last days of the war, two keys to the old Seine River barge that had been stolen from the family thirteen years before, and the address of his father's friend and comrade-in-arms, Monsieur Desmoulins. Since the *croix de guerre*, however treasured, was but a poor substitute for a father, Jacques made his way to Paris to ask M. Desmoulins for a job.

His adventures began as soon as he reached the city. Not only did he find his father's friend, a true Frenchman, of as many enthusiasms and moods as the weather, but he met Janine and her little trained dog at the Neuilly fair, and he joined forces with that enthusiastic old river man, Lulu. At the Desmoulins boat-building yard they called the pair "the elephant and the mosquito," Lulu was so large and Jacques was so skinny. But Jacques was both honored and delighted when his first task was to help Lulu run a new speed boat up the Seine and deliver it to its purchaser some three or four days from Paris. Jacques had dreamed about the river always; and he meant to keep a sharp eye out for *La Belle Oudette*, his father's old-fashioned, high-sterned barge, so long as he had the chance.

Nor did the river disappoint the boy. The spires of Notre Dame, the Eiffel Tower, the quays and the many bridges of Paris gave way to green banks and cultivated fields as the little boat made her way up stream. Now and then they came to a lock. Then Jacques stood up in the bow and blew his horn to call the keeper out to let them through. As the water swirled around them and carried them up and up, the boy stood ready with his gaff to save the new white paint of the little boat from being scratched against the other boats. At nightfall they tied up at the nearest inn on the river bank and after dinner

Lulu would put on his striped pajamas and his purple nightcap to protect his head from a "bad current of air," and they would spend the night. And every day there were small new adventures.

But the last day there was one adventure too many. The *Psyche* was stolen!

From that point on, Mrs. Brink shows that she can write as well about lively and dangerous adventure as she can about people and places on the river. It would not be fair to tell just how Jacques and Lulu find the missing boat, nor how Janine and her little trained dog and a strange artist help in the matter, nor how Jacques is able to prove that the red barge is the one owned by his father. But Jacques does find the gang of four desperate men who have been stealing boats for years, and is nearly caught by them for his pains; and Lulu has a chance to retrieve his reputation with M. Desmoulins in a good stand-up-and-knock-down fight with the biggest of the thieves. There is plenty of excitement and suspense, and in the end we leave Jacques and Lulu and Janine and her father, all happily at home on the lost barge, *La Belle Oudette*, painted a beautiful white once more.

—J. W. S.



TOTARAM

Irene Mott Bose: Macmillan: \$1.90

(Ages 8 to 12)

TTOTARAM lived in a small village in India. It was very hot, but Totaram didn't mind that. He played king with the other boys and chased Rukmi's

chickens and listened to the wandering singer tell tales of the old heroes of India. He was excited when the gypsies came to his village; but even more exciting was the pilgrimage he made with his family to a sacred mountain. They traveled by bullock cart for eight days through the jungle and camped at night.

When he was at home, Totaram helped scare the parrots and monkeys away from the fields when the grain was ripe. He felt very grown up when the keeper of the raja's elephants let him help wash one elephant. But Totaram always got into mischief. He would jump on the elephant's side. And then he found out what a little boy he really was.

—J. W. S.



In May all Tokyo goes out to see the wistaria blossoms at the Shrine at Kameido

In the Japanese Manner

FLORENCE M. GILLETT



U. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE

The lotus stands for purity

things. They are handled with great care, and are only picked when they can be put instantly into water, so that they will remain alive as long as possible. Flower arrangement is an art with the Japanese. If they use three sprays, the tallest symbolizes heaven; the shorter, man; and the shortest, the earth. Sometimes they use five or seven sprays, never an even number.

Flower arrangement also conveys messages. When a household entertains, the arrangement of flowers which greets an honored guest gives him a compliment more subtly than words.

Each flower has a different meaning. Wistaria, for instance, signifies gentleness; it is the symbol of Japanese womanhood. The plum blossom symbolizes the young girl in the spring-time of life, just blossoming into womanhood; the lotus stands for purity.

There are strict rules for painting flowers which are a necessary part of every artist's education. The Japanese artist learns to use them unconsciously, as in writing we employ the rules of grammar. They associate certain birds with certain flowers and show them together in their paintings. That is why you see plum-blossoms with a nightingale, and a lotus with a silver heron.

Japan tries to interest tourists in her flowers as much as in her temples or heroes. Guide books publish a list of flower festivals and the places where the best flowers of each month may be seen. As a result many people go to Japan in cherry-blossom time. I have a friend who more than once has changed her travel plans so as to be there in the season when the maple leaves are turning. She says that at that time one can buy maple-leaf cakes from little booths in the streets. They are made by dipping maple leaves in batter and frying them, and she says that they taste ever so good.

Each November the élite of Tokyo are invited to a garden party at the imperial palace. It is probably the greatest chrysanthemum show in the world. In the same month there is a wonderful flower festival at Dangozaka where chrysanthemums are arranged to represent historical and mythological scenes, dragons, waterfalls, ships, and other objects. The blossoms and leaves are drawn through a trellis-work, and their roots are hidden behind the frame. The

entire background and all the life-size figures, except the faces, hands and feet, are made of living flowers.

The chrysanthemum is the national flower of Japan. A sixteen-petaled design is used on stamps and is one of the crests of the imperial family. Once, like the English rose, this flower was a badge of trouble—in the War of the Chrysanthemums when civil strife divided the nation. But now it stands for a united country. Its clustered petals typify the unity of the family, the state, and the empire.

Aside from its symbolism it is greatly beloved because it brings fresh color and radiance in a season when nature is putting on a somber appearance for the long sleep of winter. Various species are called by such poetical names as Sleepy Head, Golden Dew, White Dragon and Starlit Night. Parents name their daughters after the *kiku*. Her Imperial Highness Kikuko Takamatsu, the Japanese princess who visited the United States with her husband in 1931, is named for the chrysanthemum.

There is a Japanese tale about a yellow and a white chrysanthemum which grew together in a field. An old man took a liking to Lady Yellow and promised her happiness in his garden. So she left her sister. In her new home her petals grew long and curly, and everyone admired her beauty. Meanwhile Lady White bloomed in loneliness. Then one day a village chief passed the field. He was looking for a simple flower for his lord's crest. He had seen Lady Yellow and was not pleased with her elaborate beauty, but Lady White fitted his require-

ments. So he took her to the palace, where great artists sketched her. Soon she saw her pretty face painted on all the master's belongings and among the decorations of the palace. But Lady Yellow, who had bloomed for praise alone, grew stiff of limb and her head drooped. So she was thrown on the rubbish heap.

Japan is thickly populated, but restricted space has not squeezed out natural beauty. Landscape gardening is a passion with the Japanese, whether in a large estate or in a garden small enough to be put in a china dish. Whatever goes into the garden, such as bridges, pagodas, and lanterns, is in proportion to the size of the surroundings. And the trees are real, even when only a few inches high. With a small plot of land the Japanese can secure the effect of a large park. They dwarf trees by growing them in pots, nipping and watering them in a way which keeps them small even in old age.

In Sakae Shioya's story of his boyhood in Japan he recalled his father's fondness for dwarf trees. Adverse circumstances did not defeat his father, who evidently found in his little trees some satisfaction in an unsatisfactory world. A small fifty-year-old tree which would have grown to great height in a field, but which was kept healthily alive by human art in a potful of earth, spoke to him of more than beauty. Perhaps his father "read a history of his own in it and tried to learn from it the secret of contentment." The Japanese believe that the care and the contemplation of a garden, however small, has much to do with helping one to keep a serene and contented mind.

The Calendar Story

HERE is a baby who has never known cradle or carriage or high-chair. But does he need them for happiness? Snugly strapped to his mother's back, he goes where she goes and sees the world. When she tucks up her skirt and wades into the rice paddy, he is there. From his rumble seat he can see the field laid out in squares like a checkerboard, and the water slowly flooding it when the irrigation gate is open.

In the next square a heron stands motionless on one leg waiting for frogs. There is a picture of him upside down in the still water. Beyond the rice fields there is a hillside covered with tufty dark green bushes, steeping in the sun. They are tea plants, and among them moves his father picking off leaves into a straw tray. Beneath his blue kimono his father's bare legs glow

like bronze, but his face is hidden under a basket hat.

Beyond the hill rises the base of a purple mountain shrouded in cloud. And far, far above the cloud swims a cone-shaped peak, mysterious and detached, having nothing to do with earth.

The baby's eyes blink down from the mountain to the little thatched house in the hollow. It has no chimney and there is no window, except where a square of the wall slides back. Around it is a woven bamboo fence and near the door is a stone shrine under a crooked persimmon tree. The leaves have fallen, and from the bare branches hang smooth globes of fruit.

The baby clutches at them as he passes on his mother's back, when she returns from the rice field to spread his mattress on the floor and cook his supper.

—A. M. U.



Mother calls us at seven o'clock



We have milk and fruit at breakfast

SCHOOL DAYS



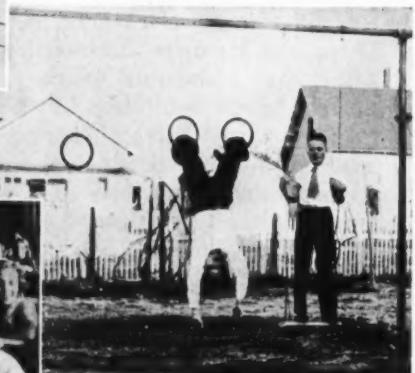
We wash and brush our teeth



Off to school



In science class



After school comes play



Sometimes we help mother Saturday mornings



Sometimes we go fishing, biking, or picnicking

Washington School, Tulsa, Oklahoma, sent to Japan an album of pictures showing what two typical American boys do during their day

New Mexico Writes to Ohio

FROM: Junior High School, Tucumcari, New Mexico
To: Forest Hill School, Akron, Ohio

THE Santa Fé Trail across the western country started in Independence, Missouri, crossed Kansas and the southeastern part of Colorado, and entered New Mexico at Raton. From Raton it led to Santa Fé. In the old days this was a great trading route, traveled back and forth many, many times by merchants who had goods to sell to the Mexicans at Santa Fé. When the commerce of the prairies was brought down in long wagon trains to the little Spanish town, no sooner would the leader top the high hill to the south than word would spread like wildfire among the natives. "Los Americanos! Los Caravanas!" they would cry, and all would rush for the Plaza.

The men of the wagon trains would stop on the hill, just before coming into the outskirts of the city, and tidy up a bit. No lovely black-eyed señorita would be without a partner at the *gran baile* (dance) that night.

The first real expedition on the Santa Fé Trail was undertaken in 1812 by a party of men from St. Louis. It was not until 1821, however, that a regular trading route was established between Independence, Missouri, and Santa Fé. Captain William Becknell, who is called "The Father of the Santa Fé Trail," started out with an assortment of goods which cost about \$5,000.

Many traders followed the route established by Becknell. It took from three weeks to one month to cover the distance from St. Louis to Santa Fé, and a little less time to return.

At the end of the Santa Fé Trail we find the old city of Santa Fé. Next to St. Augustine, Santa Fé is the oldest town in the United States. The first settlement was made by Spaniards from Mexico about 1605. In 1680 the Indians revolted and the settlement was abandoned. It was regained in 1692 and captured by United States troops in 1846. Santa Fé was then made capital of the territory of New Mexico. It was chartered as a city in 1890.

Santa Fé is on a plateau seven thousand feet above sea level, and surrounded by mountains. The old part of town has narrow, crooked streets and low adobe buildings, but the new part has wide streets, modern business blocks and beautiful residences. In front of the plaza, or public

square, is the governor's mansion, a one-story adobe structure surrounding a court. It was built in the seventeenth century and was the residence of all the governors of the territory. Here General Lew Wallace wrote the last chapters of "Ben Hur."

ACOMA, New Mexico, is said to be the oldest continually occupied town in the United States. It is an Indian pueblo which was visited by Alvarado of the Coronado expedition, in 1540. The Acomas are believed to be directly descended from the Aztecs.

Acoma gets its name, "The Sky City," from its situation on a mesa three hundred and fifty-seven feet high and seventy acres across the top. The houses are made of adobe and rise in three terraces with movable ladders from one terrace to another. There are no doors but merely openings, and for windows the Indians use panes of gypsum. There are several small ponds on top of the mesa and a strange-looking old church shaped like a coffin. This building was carried bit by bit from the valley and the beams had to be hauled for many miles.

During the farming season the Acomas are not at home. They are in Acomita and a few minor settlements over where the Rio San José provides water for their farms. But in the fall they pack all their crops on their backs and on the backs of burros to be conveyed to the top of their mighty rock five hundred feet above the valley. The Acomas make some of the prettiest pottery made in New Mexico.

THE leading industry of New Mexico is the raising of cattle and sheep. The cattle industry is carried on in much the same way throughout the arid west. On many ranches the cattle depend entirely upon the grass, but the enlarging of irrigation plants and more extensive dry farming are making the feeding of cattle more and more profitable.

Twice a year there is a general collection or round up of cattle. At the first, which comes in May or June, all the calves that were born in the winter are branded; at the second, which comes in the fall, the cattlemen ship their cattle East to the market. Each cattle owner has a certain mark or brand, in the form of a letter, a cross, a horseshoe, or another similar mark, which is burned on the side or hip of every calf.



WISCONSIN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Nicolet, in his "grand robe of China damask," arrives at Green Bay

Painting by Edward Deming

Wisconsin's Beginnings

WISCONSIN was opened to the white adventurers from Europe because of the old dream of a short route to China. The great Frenchman Samuel de Champlain, commandant of Quebec, heard from Indians stories that made him think that perhaps the North American continent was part of Asia. In 1634 he sent Jean Nicolet to search out beyond Lake Huron for the great western waters and the people the fur traders had described.

Born in Cherbourg, France, Nicolet had lived for years with friendly Algonquins, who treated him as one of their own nation. The Algonquin name for the people in the faraway West was *Ouinepegou*, or "Men of the Stinking Water." Wouldn't that mean the salt waters of the Pacific, said the French explorers? Furthermore the *Ouinepegou* (or Winnebago) were without hair or beards, and their appearance and dress were described in such a way that Champlain and Nicolet thought they must be Tartars or Chinese. And that was why Jean Nicolet packed with his scanty baggage a gorgeous Chinese mandarin coat.

Early in July, 1634, Nicolet left Quebec. Up the Ottawa and the Mattawan he paddled with

an Indian companion. Seven Hurons joined them as they turned westward through the North Channel and into the River St. Mary's. Clinging to the shores of Lake Huron, the canoes passed through the perils of the Straits of Mackinac and out into Lake Michigan.

A cliff near the mouth of the Fox River on Green Bay was the end of the journey. There, in a palisaded fort, were the people Nicolet had come to see. By this time he certainly knew that the Winnebagos were just another Indian tribe and not Chinese or Tartars at all. But he decided to compliment—and impress—them by appearing in fine array. So he put on his "grand robe of China damask, all strewn with flowers and birds of many colors" and, thus attired, stepped out with a pistol in each hand. Young Winnebago braves led the way up the cliff, while women and children scattered before the white man "with thunder in both hands."

Nicolet made friends with the Winnebagos and that was how Wisconsin began. The story is told in Edward Deming's picture and in the Nicolet stamp issued by our Post Office Department. The occasion was celebrated in Wisconsin's tercentenary observances last summer.

Juniors the World Over

J. R. C. members in East Prussia, Germany, had a seventy-five-year-old neighbor, Bo-beth, who was obliged to leave the home where he had always lived. He wanted to build a little house to shelter his old age and the Juniors helped him. They formed a chain and passed the tiles for the roof from hand to hand. They also helped to load and unload the tiles, to carry the planks, to collect the shavings, and do every other thing they could think of.

WHEN the April copies of the News reached Australia, the J. R. C. of that country was delighted with "Letters From Down Under," made up of extracts from Australian correspondence albums, and sent copies to all the schools that were quoted.

"**I**N spite of our lack of funds," write the members of a group in France, "we have bought some wool, and the cleverest ones have begun to knit a beret, a scarf and a pair of gloves for a little girl."

THE group at Wyrzysk, Poland, has 143 members. They provide free lunches for their undernourished comrades and have bought a first-aid cabinet. The older members give talks on health and help the younger ones to read and understand the Junior Red Cross magazine.

A GROUP in Zurich, Switzerland, wrote to Austrian friends telling them how they helped the poor at Christmas:

We collected clothes in good condition and provisions which would keep. We had a little white box with a red cross on it and we put into it the money we had saved. Pupils who heard about a poor family with many children told the class about it. On December twenty-first, we began to make parcels. What a cheerful scene! There

were coats, dresses, stockings, knitted jackets, shoes. The money box contained more than thirty Swiss francs. Part of it was used to pay for the carriage and the wrapping paper and with the rest we bought children's woolies.

It was not easy to make the parcels, but once made up they looked very nice. We carried all seven to the post office and they were heavy. To our great joy, we received letters of thanks from the people to whom we sent them. We are very grateful to the Junior Red Cross for giving us the opportunity to make these presents, which perhaps give more happiness to us than to those who got them.



Members in East Prussia helped an old neighbor build his house

AN unknown man of the Dagarti tribe, weak and thin from long sickness, fell and was injured in a fainting fit. He lay on the wayside of Bompara Street, Kumasi, British West Africa, when three pupils of the Government Girls' School, members of the Junior Red Cross, arrived. One of the girls, whose home was within a stone's throw, ran and fetched cotton, lint, bandages, and a bowl of water, and she and her friends proceeded to render first aid to the best of their knowledge. A timely truck, driven by a Syrian transport driver, who was also a member of the Red Cross, came by, and the girls, with the help of some Boy Scouts, placed the poor man on the lorry which took him to the African Hospital.

DURING one of her many journeys, the Secretary of the Indian Red Cross Society visited a beautiful valley in the region of the Himalayas. She found that a number of the inhabitants suffered from rickets, caused by a lack in their diet. The best remedy for this disease is cod-liver oil, but this is very expensive in India because the oil has to be imported from Norway, and the duty and transportation charges are high. It was thought that perhaps the Norwegian Red Cross could help these mountain people who live in a region somewhat similar to Nor-

way. An appeal was made in the Norwegian Red Cross magazine, and two barrels of cod-liver oil, enough for the annual needs of a hospital, were sent by generous Norwegians through the two Red Cross Societies to the Indian hospital.

FOLLOWING the hurricanes which devastated Puerto Rico in 1932 and Mexico in September, 1933, Juniors in Santo Domingo took up collections for children suffering in the disasters. They sent \$489 to Puerto Rico and \$350 to Mexico.

MEMBERS of a newly formed group of Juniors in Baden, Germany, saved their tea-time apples and pears until they had a whole crateful; then they sent the fruit to a cripples' home.

Another German group in a primary school of a small town organized collections of pennies, food, and clothing. They succeeded in raising 101 marks (\$40) and nearly half a ton of provisions, as well as some clothing.

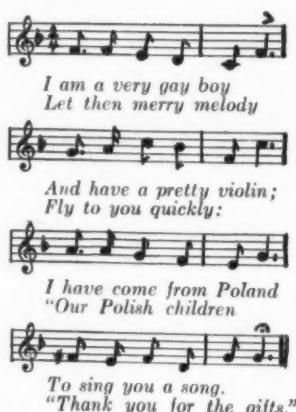
BECAUSE they were so pleased to receive Christmas boxes from the United States last year, Polish Juniors made a large number of presents and sent them to this country during the summer. The little violinist with his music was among them. His music is a famous Polish dance, Krakowiak; the Juniors have written the words. There were also fifteen or twenty other dolls, all in the brilliant costumes of different provinces of Poland; intricate and delicate wood carvings; hand-woven linens with peasant embroidery; laces; paintings made by the children themselves; albums; letters, and other sorts of handwork. These presents have been sent to schools from which the Polish Juniors received Christmas boxes last year.

IN the school at Tsaponiza, Bulgaria, J. R. C. health supervisors, chosen for each room, keep a daily record of the members' health. The children are weighed on the first of every month. In the neighboring village of Reburkovo the

Juniors have a first-aid cabinet, which they let the villagers use in case of need. Last year trained Juniors gave first aid to sixty-four of the villagers. A group of Karnobat raised funds through the sale of greeting cards to buy clothing for fellow members and to make it possible for five of their less well-off comrades to go along on a school excursion.



This little fiddler, with his song, came from Poland as a "Thank-you" for Christmas boxes



IN an album which Public School No. 14, New York City, received from Ecole Communale de Jeunes Filles, Arette (Basses Pyrénées), France, was this letter from an American girl:

"I am a girl, thirteen years old, born in Oakdale, California. I have been in France about three months. I came on the boat *Winnipeg*. I took the boat at San Francisco to Bordeaux. I went through the Panama Canal.

I started the French school about two weeks ago. I like it very much, but it is different from English. I am now a member of the French Red Cross. We were very glad to receive the album that you sent to us. Hoping to receive other albums from you, we also are sending an album. We received other albums from other countries. We receive dolls also from other countries showing national costumes. We would be very glad to receive a doll from America made by the members of the Red Cross in America. We will send one, too. We hope we will be friends always.

A JUNIOR Red Cross member of Porici, Czechoslovakia, writes of the activities of his J. R. C. group:

In "Our Work" we read about the fire at Vazec. We made a collection of garments and linen for the victims. We even managed to get some feathers and when we sent all the things to Vazec, we received very grateful thanks. They were especially grateful for the feathers since so many feathers are needed (for beds).

We met to decide how we could best celebrate October twenty-eighth, the anniversary of the founding of our Republic. We decided that we would give pleasure to the old folk by baking them buns and apple pies. The very next day the pupils of the II Standard and of the Elementary School brought flour, eggs, raisins, poppy-seeds and butter, and the girls set to work at once. The other classes got together some money and bought what was lacking. Before October twenty-eighth the girls in the II and III Standard had baked so many buns and apple pies that we were able to distribute them to twenty-three of the poor inhabitants of the village.



Members in Grants Pass, Oregon, with their Christmas tree for Guam

American Juniors at Work

FROM the island of Kauai in Hawaii came this account of the active Junior group at Lihue Grammar School:

Our school, one of the largest on this island, has close to a thousand pupils, all members of the Junior Red Cross. This year our Juniors have sent many scrapbooks, checkerboards, jigsaw puzzles, flower vases, toys, eggs and fruit to the local plantation hospital and to the sanatorium for tuberculosis patients. Several grades sent presents to an old Hawaiian woman. One grade bought milk and lunches for a small underweight Filipino boy. Others gave fruit and clothing to many families in Lihue. As a part of their school work, the girls who took the homemaking course took care of Rosalina, a ten-month-old Filipino baby, and our Juniors gave her parents the money with which to buy her food.

LAST May, almost at the end of the school year, the staff and patients of Ward D, Chelsea Naval Hospital in Boston, wrote to Massachusetts Juniors who had sent them gifts:

We think it is about time that we as patients of Ward D, Chelsea Naval Hospital, wrote to thank you for all the nice things you have done for us this past year. Every holiday you remembered us and sent us unusual favors and gifts that pleased and cheered us, particularly because you made them yourselves. That is real service that warms the heart. We have been very thoughtless and self-

ish not to have told you long before this how much it means to sick people to have the monotony of long days relieved by such novel surprises as you have sent us. We hope you will have a very pleasant vacation—we think you have earned it—but when you return to school next year, we hope you will again remember your “adopted” patients at Chelsea Naval Hospital.

SEVENTH-GRADE members in Carbondale, Pennsylvania, did without their usual school

Hallowe'en party so that they could use the money they saved for their work for one of the veterans' hospitals.

THE Cameron County, Pennsylvania, Juniors had an exhibit of their J. R. C. handwork in the room in Emporium where the Regional Conference was held last fall. Some of the delegates bought samples of the toys to take home to show their own Junior groups. High-School members waited on table at the luncheon for the delegates.



Every year third-grade Juniors of Pratt City, Alabama, make a pilgrimage to the Japanese garden in Ensley Park. They started this custom when they received an album from Japan

MEMBERS in Grants Pass, Oregon, put up a Christmas tree on a table in the main hall of their school. They placed a red cross on the very top as the only decoration.



The J. R. C. of Beadle County, South Dakota, sent this exhibit to the State Regional Conference last year. It shows dolls in costume of European countries entering the melting pot and coming out as Americans. There are also some of the ninety international albums which all the schools of the county prepared during the year

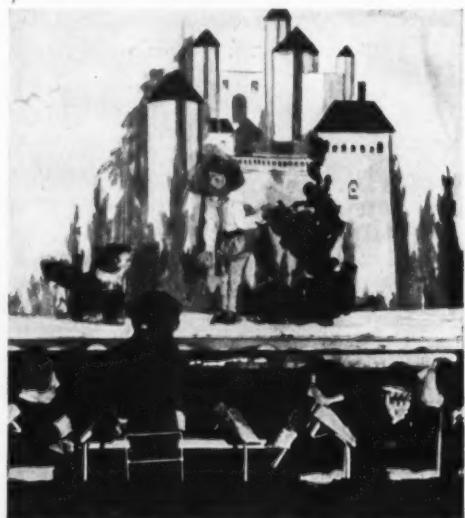
Their teacher said that the red cross carried the same message as a Christmas star, and that their gifts would trim the tree. On a bulletin board behind the tree were slips of paper on which were written suggestions for gifts for Christmas boxes to Guam. Each boy and girl who wanted to send a gift took one of these slips and bought or made such a gift as was suggested. When the gift was ready the Junior tied it on the tree or put it on the table underneath. Within a few days the tree was loaded so heavily that its branches hung down on the table. The presents filled seventeen boxes, and there were a lot left over.

THIRTY bushels of nuts were collected by rural Juniors near Chattanooga, Tennessee, for local institutions.

WAYCROSS, Georgia, Council has a special meeting room in the Y. M. C. A. building. They have put up white crêpe paper curtains tied back with red, and have hung the walls with many Red Cross posters made by the Juniors. Their first service to the veterans at Augusta, Georgia, was a fruit shower. They got five tall, white men's hat boxes, pasted large red crosses on them, lined them with red tissue paper, and placed one in each school for voluntary contributions of fruit. The boxes were filled, not once, but several times; fruit enough was collected to give some to all the men in two wards, instead of only enough for the ten men the Juniors had adopted.

THIS report comes from Riverdale School, Roanoke, Virginia:

We have 250 pupils enrolled in school and one hundred per cent membership in the Junior Red Cross. Our chief purpose is to be good citizens. We believe children can be just as good citizens as adults. To increase attendance we made a survey of our community. Each section has a reporter. We have had ninety-five present each day this year. Four per cent have been ill. About one per cent have unexcused absences. We reported the ones who were ill to the Red Cross nurse, and we sent flowers and wrote letters to them. We visited the ones who had no excuse and asked them to come to school. We told them what a good school we had. We wrote fifty letters to a teacher who was in the hospital. We kept Better Health Day and gave \$5.75 as a gift to the tuberculosis fund. In January and February we served hot lunches. We cleared \$16.08 and gave children from six families one hot dish each day without charge.



The marionette theater and orchestra made by Susan B. Anthony School, Rochester, New York

We sent a basket of fruit to a child who was ill, had a Red Cross table at a P. T. A. social and cleared \$3.60, and had supervised hand washing and lunch each day. Pupils in the seventh grade made a health chart and wrote a play showing how the Red Cross works in our school and community. We are saving money for the dental clinic, and paid \$7.50 for an operation on a small child.

ENGLISH classes in Lincoln School, Poughkeepsie, New York, write stories from the pictures in the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS. Members of the Junior Red Cross unit of Elsworth School repeated a minstrel show at Lincoln School as a benefit for Lincoln School's Service Fund, and gave it again at the City Home. Columbus School Junior Red Cross Council, which meets regularly, decided to repair toys after they have transacted the necessary business at each meeting. Morse School members collected

over seventy gifts for a birthday box which they sent to the veterans' hospital at Castle Point. Clinton School members gave a marionette show and charged as admission one pair of worn-out silk stockings which they sent to the people in charge of occupational therapy at Castle Point. Girl Juniors of Warring School made one hundred bed cases and sewing kits for patients at Castle Point. To raise money for their Service Fund, Juniors in Krieger School had a bird lecture, illustrated with slides, and held two candy sales.

THE resident worker at the Wesley House Settlement, Nashville, Tennessee, made a request for a wagon or go-cart for a crippled child in her district. The little girl is old enough to attend school but cannot walk. Her brother took her to school in a toy wagon until it was broken. The boys at Opportunity School offered to make a cart for her. These boys also made a large number of wooden toys, such as kiddy-cars, small wagons, jointed animals, and games, which they gave to small children at Christmas time.

AT Hallowe'en the 5A-4's and the 6B-6's of Leggett School, Akron, Ohio, sent a basket to the Mary Day Nursery. This contained original masks made in the children's art classes, a small basket of candy for each child, paper napkins, some toys, and some books.

IN an album which they sent to Italy, members in the Susan B. Anthony School, Rochester, New York, told about their puppet theater. The stage, scenery, stairways, curtains, and all properties were made in the man-

ual training and sewing departments. The orchestra of ten members, as well as the actors, are marionettes. Each musician has his own chair, instrument, and music rack. The music racks were made by the boys of the metal arts class and wired by the boys of the electrical shop. The tiny double contact bulbs light when the orchestra is playing. On each stand there is also a tiny sheet of music. The conductor stands on a revolving plate and can bow very nicely to the audience. The whole orchestra is threaded in such a way as to operate with one control except for the crooner, who rises alone to sing at the proper time. For music, the Juniors use a record on a phonograph connected with a loud speaker, and the tiny musicians are easily heard in all parts of the hall.



Seventh-grade boys of Weed, New Mexico, School sawed and split a cord of wood and sent it to the county Red Cross headquarters for needy in the valley, where trees grow only under irrigation. Weed is in the mountains.

and made a ball. Then we painted a face on the ball. We used yellow yarn for the hair. We sewed Dutch caps, aprons, blouses, wide pants, skirts, and made wooden shoes. When we had finished the dolls we put string through the arms, the backs, and legs. Finally we decided to give a play. We adapted it from a book called "The Dutch Twins." The McKinley School invited us to give the play for them, too. We did and we charged a penny admission. The seven dollars and fifty cents that we earned in both schools was given to the J. R. C.

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MEMBERS in Philip Livingston Junior High School, Albany, New York, made photograph albums for patients in a preventorium to put their personal snapshots in. The binding was of oilcloth, the pages were of heavy construction paper. They sent samples of the albums to National Headquarters for exhibit.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

THIS picture is made of tiny bits of colored stone fitted together, and is called a mosaic. It was presented to the city of Genoa, where Columbus was born, by the city of Venice, when Genoa joined the other states in the kingdom of Italy in 1847. It was a peace offering from an ancient rival. The frame is made of ebony beautifully inlaid with ivory. At the top you see the coat of arms of the city of Genoa. Columbus is holding a map of the New World.

